

No more shall *Duchesses* to *Bath* repair, Or fly to *Tunbridge* to procure an Heir;  
*Spring-Gardens* can supply their every Want, For here whate'er they ask the  
Swain wil grant, And future Lords (if they'll confess the right) Shall owe their  
Being to this blessed Night; Hence future Wickedness shall take its Rise, (For  
Masquerade to this is paultry Vice) An Aera of new Crimes shall hence begin,  
And *H—gg—r* chief Devil be of Sin; No more shall Ugliness be his Disgrace,  
His Head mends all the Frailties of his Face; When Masques and Balls to their  
Conclusion drew, To this his last Resort the Hero flew; So by degrees the Errant  
Knights of old To Glory rose, and by Degrees grew bold; A while content the  
common Road they trod, 'Till some great Act at last confess the *God*.